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LISTEN!

Woman, late 20s, in jeans, walks and talks.

Listen? Listen? Don't hold that phoney male stop sign up to me! Believe me, I have LISTENED to the likes of you before. To my regret. Always and inevitably.

Schemes and dreams and always with the same subtext, always! You guys should have a penis tattooed on your forehead, then no woman'd ever forget where you're coming from.

(Mock male basso) Listen! Listen!

To vast reams of horseshit, lies, and manipulation. And then! And then! I mean in the deepest part of the relationship, you men don't even know if you're lying or not! You're on automatic.

And I, I, prime female sucker in the universe, try to understand. To understand! I mean what's to understand about habitual deceit? About filthy personal habits I first--God help me!--thought of as cute. Cute!

But that's when I usually have the brains and balls to start to escape--when the whole atmosphere becomes a lie, I mean. And later you sit in a chair and ask yourself why. And you can't believe what you've done, how humiliated you let yourself....

So much pride generally, and yet a willing doormat for a stupid man.

Oh you're not all stupid, so don't look challenged. I had quite a few who fell right from the dean's list and into my bed. Hereinafter they shall be referred to as academic pigs.

So, believe me Buster, I am not about to LISTEN. I just don't do that anymore. Been through the mill and spat out twice! That makes you learn something. You become your own woman, for one.

Oh but now you're putting on your pouty face. Countenance number sixty seven, guaranteed to move teen girls and old ladies.

All right then, let me suspend the rules for a second, and put a great big smiley face on you instead! I will listen! You have half a minute to prove you're not like all the others.

What!? (Twists round to check the rear of her jeans) Ripped all the way down! Jesus! And you let me walk like this all the way down Chestnut Street and never said a word? Asshole!